

Inconceivable

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Category: Halo

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2005-12-04 22:37:53

Updated: 2007-12-03 07:57:43

Packaged: 2016-04-27 01:52:18

Rating: K+

Chapters: 3

Words: 3,735

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Thoughts on the war. First fic, hope it didn't come out too bad. EDIT: Added new chapter after a forever hiatus.

1. Inconceivable

Inconceivable

There were whispers of a demon.

Rumors were rampant throughout the Covenant of a demon, a human who decimated the holy ring. It wasâ€¦ inconceivable. Many pondered if this was possible, a human, honestly. Of all races, a human was considered to be the bane of the mighty war-machine that was the Covenant. The Grunts cowered in fear, the Jackals fled behind their energy shields, and the Elites snarled in rage and contempt. Each held respect for this manifestation of evil, this demonic figure. Only few had witnessed his awesome might. Garbed in metal, standing at almost eight feet tall, had might that even surpassed the superior Elites, it was inconceivable.

He was a titan among men. Besting even the gods, it was a nightmarish thought to the alien races of the Covenant. The thought of that blank, amber face staring at them, with the light from Threshold to illuminate the last thing many a soldier would see. They paled at the thought of encountering this demon. It was said, that he had even fought an entire army of the wretched plague that was the Flood. The Flood was yet another wrench in their plans to conquer, to carry out their God's whims. The thought of the grotesque parasites crawling over their bodies, overpowering their senses and controlling them. That sickly, horrible screeching that signified their presence haunted those who heard the stories, not to mention those who had actually encountered the vile creatures.

But, the Demon had conquered them as well. It was inconceivable.

Who could possess the strength to defeat them, and the Flood? Surely not a human, many thought he wasn't human, but a Deity of war. Maybe

the mortal form of the human's Ares. They heard the god was bloodthirsty, a thunderous force unlike anything else that existed upon the plane of men. It was rumored that the demon had killed Special Ops Elites with nothing but his hands, or the butt of his weapon, crushing their spine or crushing their skull. Taking down the mighty Hunters down with naught, but the human version of their pistol. The thought of a Hunter falling after being assaulted with only a simple projectile was humorous to the naïve, but terrifying to others. What if the Demon was armed with a deadlier weapon? What if their enemies had managed to acquire one of their weapons, especially the coveted energy sword?

The Covenant realized that they could be defeated. It was inconceivable.

They couldn't be defeated, by humans no less. No, one human. It baffled them. One man, one god, one force, could infiltrate the sacred ring, defeat all encamped forces, the Flood, and destroy the sacred ring. The Hierarchs soothed and cooed that this wraith, created by the imagination wasn't real. It was just the Flood, there was no demon. But eyewitness accounts and detailed reports that included him in it from their captains would sway their reassurance. Many a Grunt would fall asleep while on watch, and wake to find all of his comrades dead, many dispatched with a single bash to the head or back. Either that, or wake to a firefight that ended them with a bullet in their tiny skulls. It was frightening. Patrols would hear explosions, the staccato of the human's guns, and the sounds of their plasma weapons. Then proceed to investigate the area and find not a single human body, only the bodies of their brothers in arms. Scorch and bullet marks would decorate the room, signifying a battle. It was as if a spirit had destroyed their forces. A vengeful one. It wasn't scary, it was absolutely terrifying. You couldn't tell from the emotions displayed on the faces of the Covenant. With the exception of the Grunts, the others didn't seem phased by this revelation that one man could utterly destroy the Covenant. The Jackals' faces were always the same, conveying no emotion of any sort. But they way the crouched even lower to the ground if they caught of the sheen of sage metal. Green was a loathed color among the races.

It represented their enemies, the Flood, and the Demon. They spat upon the despicable color. The Demon's race was considered weak, even to Grunts. Their dated technology was nothing compared to theirs. Plasma versus their simple projectiles, the plasma was to win every time, their bullets were weak. Even a swarm of Grunts can topple a Hunter, as a hail of bullets could fell an Elite. Their ships were light-years ahead of the human's. It didn't add up. They still hadn't defeated the pitiful race, or managed to activate a sacred ring.

The Brutes entered the Covenant. Their powerful builds were intimidating. The Demon would even cower before them, or so many thought. Their sunken eyes, their tousled white manes, their sinewy muscles, they were even thought to be able to defeat the Elites. The Brutes also entered a frenzied rage if their comrades were killed; it was horrifying to face a Brute while they were engaged in this bloodthirsty mood. Even the Demon couldn't defeat them, could he? No, no, of course not, especially their leader, Tartarus.

Reports from the invasion fleet en route to Earth told of more than one demon. Five to be exact, one was killed though. Even in death though, it managed to destroy several Elites and the Grunts under

their command. But even then, they managed to obliterate almost the entire fleet. Only a few ships remained. It was also said that the Demon had defeated several Brutes, one even with nothing but his gauntleted hands. He overcame it, not with only mind, but also with muscle. He was a hurricane, a storm of incomprehensible power. Ripping through forces as though an energy sword through a Jackal's tender throat, it was unnerving.

It was inconceivable.

While the Prophets sat in their chambers, tapping their chins, the Demon destroyed their forces, razed their fortifications. The Elites were being usurped by the newcomers. There was unrest within the Covenant. The Grunts were loyal to the Elites; they would follow if they seceded. There was the overwhelming possibility of a Civil War. They would tear each other apart; they would destroy themselves from the inside out. The Demon would surely act on this and finish the self-destruction process. The Elites and their followers would side with the humansâ€¦ The Covenant could fall. No, at this rate, the Covenant would fall. Were they destined to be defeated? The series of events set off by the accursed Demon would be their downfall; they were in the midst of realization. It seemed that they were spiraling down the path to defeat. They would lose this war, it seemed.

It was conceivable.

2. Rebirth

I thought I'd do a follow-up thing... It's another chapter, sort of.

Disclaimer: Haven't done one before, but didn't look too hard. I don't own Halo, or any of its characters. Wow, that was easier than I thought.

I had trouble deciding on a point of view to use, I finally picked an idea after an entire day of school. It's a surprise, read on.

Rebirth

The Flood had sat in wait, brooding in the darkness of the ring. Concealed beneath its artificial surface, they lay in suspense, anxious for the day an unsuspecting organism would trip the lever, and release them from their prison. They had devoured in the past, ravaging entire races with their infections. The Forerunners had defeated them, but at the cost of their own lives. The viruses had been sentenced to eons of starvation; being denied their food, their nourishment. It was worse than death to them. Death for them was a but only a quick unsettling sensation, followed by oblivion. They didn't know pain, it was alien to them, but the starvation had been pain. They came to understand it, loath it. It was worse than pain; it was excruciating to them. Their dissolved minds could not grasp the concept of pain, or death, only hunger.

They waited until their rebirth.

The darkness meant nothing to them, but the emptiness was different. It even drove those without minds insane, many of the starved flailed

and attacked each other, seeking refuge from an attacker that could not be overwhelmed in numbers, could not be fought. They seethed in their dungeon, only the muted whir of machines that were programmed to safeguard them was the only thing that disturbed the maddening silence. Their body language displayed extreme anger, desperation, and hunger, always hunger. They were the monsters lurking under the bed, just waiting for the little boy to peek his nose into a place where it didn't belong.

Their rebirth was approaching.

They had simmered in the darkness for what seemed like eternity, starving, and waiting. Then, they became restless, beating upon the walls and doors that had locked them within the ring for so long, the noise of wet flesh against cold metal echoed throughout the contrived atmosphere. The inhuman moans pinged and were reverberated throughout the burnished metal. They had sensed life, new life, and new food. Restlessness had swept through their ranks like a disease, soon the constant barrage of bodies against the walls were loud and flooded through the marshes and forests of Instillation 04.

Their rebirth was here.

The life energies they had sensed had flared incredibly. There were thousands upon thousands of ready hosts. There was feast at hand, and they were dying from hunger. The peace before the storm was unbearable. They tensed as one, readying to spring from their trap. The soughs from within the metallic hallways were worse than ever, it was one voice, one calling, one beckoning. There was food outside their prison, oh so close; it was nauseating how close it was. They hungered, they wanted nourishment, and they wanted satiation. It was here. They would be reborn, their rebirth was now, and they were fretful. The wait was almost deadly, but they endured, thoughts of fulfillment had glued themselves into the non-existent minds, they scrabbled and threw themselves at their restraints.

There was a click, and a deafening groaning. The doors had been opened, paving the way to Hell. They remembered lunging from the dank confines of the ring and spreading rapidly, overtaking those who had released them. The startled growls from their soon-to-be hosts had only deepened their desire to feed; they had surrounded the prey. It wasn't a sizable meal, but it was only the appetizer. The feast was soon to come. They had flooded from the gates to their dungeons, streaming en masse onto the surface. The differing foreigners were in shock, had they not realized what they had done? The tiny, infectious creatures didn't care; they swarmed their food, finally feeding after eons of famine.

Their rebirth ran its course.

They continued to feed and consume, devouring everything in their path. A new energy was sensed... It was different than the other hosts they had preyed upon; it was something familiar. The feeling of familiarity didn't register with them, they had a primal understanding of it, it was something they had tasted before, or similar to it. They wanted to savor the unique taste again. When they had discovered a small band of the alien race, they had swarmed them, claiming them all, but one. One seemed untamable, he could not be infected it seemed. Many attempts were made, but they all failed. He was the first to escape their hunger. He would not be the last.

The Flood had moved on to the origins of these new hosts, they had made their way to the Pillar of Autumn. It was a graveyard; there were no living bioorganic beings present. They had all died; it didn't matter to them. Their hunger was never satisfied, they had always craved for nourishment, this was no different; they had only to resort to scavenging. It would do. The ship had been rather large, and they infested every cranny possible; making it their own. A few of the squat creatures were found fearfully treading through their temporary residence. They had been dealt with, soon, the larger, sturdier meals intruded; they too had been used for fulfillment.

Their rebirth had run its course.

There was another, it had that familiar scent. Its defenses proved nearly impossible to penetrate. It was like the Sentinels, clad in metal. It rained destruction among the Flood, it had was unlike the others, it seemed as though it would once again deprive them of their food. This enraged them. They became more violent, unrelenting, they had swarmed with twice the ferocity, all for the attempt to stop the being. Even their combat forms proved ineffective, they would lunge at this unknown warrior, and in the end, were destroyed by a volley of lead projectiles. They refused to go back into starvation, into that maddening stasis. A few times they had made it passed the invisible barrier the creature coated itself with, only to be foiled by the olive armor. They had seemingly overwhelmed it in the Library, the attack failed. The being had fought his way past them, following the accursed orb. It had led the last Reclaimer to the object in the deepest chambers, and it had used it to activate the ring and obliterated their nourishment.

Yet, it did not activate the ring, it defied the orb and fought his way through them, the other food source. It was an annoyance to them, it was not going to kill their food, but what was it planning. It had fought through the frozen tundra, and commandeered an aircraft. The organism clad in armor took flight, only to arrive at their newfound residence. At the same time, their alternate nourishment seemed intent on their destruction, and had sent many of their kind to fight. It was fruitless, for they were all devoured. Then, the one in green had set off something; explosions had reverberated throughout their home; bursts of flames spouted through the seams in the walls and floors. It had taken to fleeing, but why? They were confused, utterly and confused, it hadn't activated the ring, yet seemed intent on destroying them, but in the end it ran. The Reclaimer had outran some of their combat forms, and had bordered a black craft, and rocketed from the ship. It had left, but why? The rumblings grew worse, and the structure creaked and groaned.

Their end was here.

An explosion of enormous proportions rocked the ship, then a blinding light. All present were vaporized, the Flood's new residence became a miniature sun; it bloomed and twinkled deceptively. It scorched the barren sands and burned the forests. A monumental fault had been formed, there was a rumbling, they squealed and moaned as they were burned, a point in the ring had blossomed into a supernova; a large piece of rock, earth, and metal snapped away from the structure. It pin wheeled madly in the blackness of space, until it collided with remainder of the ring. They had been defeated on this battlefield,

not sentenced to a horrid torture, but wiped out. Yet...

Another rebirth was beginning across the galaxy.

3. Lies

As you may have noticed, I haven't written anything in a long time, and I removed the last thing I did write. I felt it was forced and hated it, so I did away with it. This one came off a bitâ€¦ meh, to me. I do like it much more than the other one though. So, read away. Then, judge away. Remember, everything you read here is fiction.

Disclaimer: I do not own Halo or any of its characters. Bungie has those rights.

They had been lied to.

The Sangheili had been lied to. Their entire race had been deceived, and it infuriated them. The apple had been presented to them, the forbidden fruit disguised with lies by the snake in the tree. They had taken the apple and eaten it to the core. The damned San 'Shyuum had offered the apple, knowing full-well that they were hiding it's true form with their cleverly crafted lies.

The lies were falling apart.

There was not an immediate, collective thirst for San 'Shyuum blood. Before there was blood, there was thought. There was pondering, and thinking, and questioning. What was there for the Prophets to lie to their faithful followers about? Surely the humans were a species worth destroying, the Prophets would not preach this if it was not so. However, since the Arbiter had begun to slowly clear their vision, more thought on this had taken place.

Why were the humans not accepted into the Covenant? They were a truly hardy and worthy race. The Sangheili had asked the question before, but it had been brushed away by their leaders as something trivial and unnecessary. The humans were heretics, and the Gods had asked for their divine judgement to be passed onto this inferior race; or so the Prophets had said. Was there another reason for the call for Human blood? Thoughts that had been merely fleeting shadows in the minds of the Elites were now pressing matters. Was there an ulterior motive for eradicating the humans? The Sangheili did not know; they had followed their leaders blindly into a war against this newly discovered race without asking questions.

Recently, the Arbiter had taken to fighting the Brutes, and had allied himself with the humans, if only temporarily. The Arbiter would not do something so unheard of without an acceptable reason, the Sangheili leaders would declare. The humans could not be such a hateful enemy if the Arbiter had allied himself with them; however brief that alliance was. The humans must have had some redeeming feature, they must not be the heretics that their leaders claimed them to be. If the humans were not some heretical species bent on the

desecration of the Covenant's beliefs, what were they? They did not seem like a war hungry race. It was not apparent to the Sangheili that the humans raced to take up arms against the Covenant. If they were not the enemy the Prophets made them out to be, there would cease to be a reason for this war on their entire species. There would have never been a reason; there would have never been a reason for the astronomical amount of life lost in this terrible conflict. The millions of soldiers killed would have been for nothing. Nothing except for the hollow words of their leaders; their Prophets.

They looked for repudiation of these lies.

The Sangheili were not all so quick to believe that they were being lied to; they looked to their leaders for some comfort. They looked to the Prophets for an explanation for these claims of their deceit; they awaited the word that all these lies were in fact, themselves, lies. What did they receive? The Sangheili's reward was a replacement. They were forcefully removed from position. The prestige and honor the Sangheili had possessed had been shattered and torn from them. Their stolen honor had instead been given like a cheap gift to the newest member of the Covenant; the Jiralhanae.

They did not receive rebuttals of these outrageous claims of their kind spreading nothing but terminological inexactitudes, but instead they received replacements in the form of large, stupid apes. This was an atrocity. Their once prestigious race had been disgraced and demoted. Cries for rebellion were rampant, the call for action infected the population. Many crafted speeches asking for the Sangheili population to rise up against their former puppet-masters.

The Prophets had attempted to silence these speakers through the muscle of their new toys. It was a common sight to see an Elite being dragged through the streets by his armpits. His captors? Normally it was two Brutes clad in their high headcrests and decorated in orange and crimson. The path back to the chambers of the Prophets was lined with cries of aspersion and distortion of facts that had been fed to the Sangheili. These supposed "mad" ravings did not go unnoticed. Many of those who witnessed the speaker being dragged away mulled over the words and this identification of brutality.

Lies sowed the seeds of rebellion.

The first thing the Sangheili did was to ally themselves with somebody. There was only one logical choice. The Elites had followed the footsteps the Arbiter had left in the sand behind him, they forged an alliance with the humans. They were the only ones that would be willing to strike at the Covenant; the Covenant that they had only recently seceded from. They knew that the humans could put up a fight, they had been on the receiving end until only a short time ago. There was one human that they had especially wanted to line up behind. The Demon.

The Demon was a formidable force, an enemy that was to be honored as well as feared. They held the syllables that constructed his moniker with respect, but also with resentment. They did not forget that he had once razed entire camps of their people, there were growls of hate when this thought would surface. However, due to this fact, the Demon was also held in esteem. The Sangheili had the idea that the greatest enemies would make the greatest ally, and this is the exact

thought that was paired with the thought of the hurricane clad in olive. He was a being held both in awe and contempt.

The Demon had already slain two of the hated San 'Shyuum in power, and was nipping at the heels of the last. His cause was a noble one, and his cause was the human's cause. This was also to become their cause. They began fighting the Covenant which they had helped lead only a short while ago. They raised their plasma rifles to fire upon a people, that until only a small time ago, they shared ranks with. They opened fire on and melted their ties to a past clouded by the fog of hollow words.

Lies had lovingly stoked the fires of a civil war.

End
file.